AGNES MAY.

I kissed her lip and left her side,
In Spring's young balmy time,
When every blossom seemed a bride,
And waters—waters flowed in rhyme ;
The birds were warbling in the bowers,
The dew slept on the spray,
And nature sought in vain, with flowers,
To rival Agnes May.

When Winter, from his silent wing,
Had shed the stainless snow,
And crowned each forest tree a king,
And sealed--and sealed the wild brook's flow ;
My footsteps sought her quiet home,
But sadly turned away—
Alas ! that I should live to come,
And find not Agnes May.

She sleeps beneath the withered grass,
And knows not I am there
To cheat the tardy hours that pass,
And moan—and moan my sorrow's prayer.
They say the Spring again shall be,
To make the mourners gay,
Alas ! that were no Spring to me,
That brought not Agnes May.

H. Marsan, Publisher, 38 Chatham Street, N.Y.

AGNES MAY.